THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1906, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Telephone: Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$6.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$4.80 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909.

Mr. Roosevelt Misrepresented.

Some time before leaving for Africa Mr. Roosevelt made the subjoined statement over his own signature respecting the course he would pursue while abroad as to press interviews:

"Any statement purporting to have been made by me, or attributed to me, which may be sent to newspapers should be accepted as certainly false and as calling for no denial from me. So far as possible I shall avoid seeing any representative of the press, and shall not knowingly have any conversation on any subject whatever with any representative of the press beyond exchanging the ordinary civilities or courtesies."

Any one familiar with this statement would have guessed at once that the extraordinary utterances attributed to Mr. Roosevelt in the French press were wholly fictitious. The newspaper faker is not indigenous to American soil, and it is obvious that he flourishes with unusual luxuriancy in Parisian journalism. It was an easy trick to represent Mr. Roosevelt as a braggart of his own achievements, to picture him as the Caesar of modern democracy, under the unfortunate necessity of temporarily allowing the reins of power to fall into other hands, and not altogether sure that they would be well held. Yet it was an obvious and disgraceful trick, which is not at all bettered by the explanation that it was the output of piqued and disappointed journalists.

It would be well if newspaper readers bore in mind Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that he is not making any remarks for publication nowadays. When he is actually heard from, there will be no mistaking the authenticity of his observations.

"Free lumber, except finished products," demands a tariff reformer. That would seem to put a tax on breakfast foods, all right.

Will Mr. Taft Veto the Tariff Bill?

The New York Tribune reports that Senators interested in the complexion and fate of the tariff bill are apprehensive over the possibility that President Taft may veto it. Its Washington correspondent says Mr. Aldrich is framing a bill which cannot in any sense be regarded as a revision downward, the implication being that the Aldrich measure will fail to come up to the standard set by Mr. Taft of honest revision, of compliance with party pledges, and so on. Mr. Taft, it is said, is taking little interest in particular schedules, believing it to be the duty of Congress to frame a tariff bill, but has given fair warning that he will veto the measure if, when placed before him, it should be found unsatisfactory.

In our humble judgment, speculation of this sort is all moonshine. We do not expect to live to see the day when a Republican President deliberately vetoes a tariff bill framed and passed by a party majority in House and Senate. Mr. Taft, it should be remembered, is a stanch Republican and a strong protectionist. He is in favor of revision upward as well as of revision downward. He is for protectionist schedules all the way through. To be sure, he has enunciated certain principles of tariff revision, which, if carried out consistently in the framing of a bill, might conceivably produce quite a different result from that shown in the Payne bill. For example, Mr. Taft has said that protective duties should not encourage excessive profits, and on that theory we should think an increase in the hosiery schedule indefensible. But Mr. Payne tells us that the present duty is insufficiently protective, and that the manufacturers were able to show that more duty was needed to cover the difference in manufacturing cost, which Mr. Taft has agreed is a proper test of protection. Take the statements of the Republican revisers, and you will find that they can justify by the terms of the Republican platform, and even by the principles of revision Mr. Taft has set forth in his speeches, every protective schedule in the bill.

Whose advice, then, will Mr. Taft heed when it comes to signing a tariff bill? Will he accept that of its critics, or that of its framers, promoters, and defenders? What sort of a test can he put it to, in determining whether it conforms with the Republican platform, or with his his conception of an honest revision? Honest revision is a vague term, and the Republican platform is hardly more definite; at all events it says nothing about a downward revision, and is pretty plain about the policy of the Republican party to preserve "that security against foreign competition to which American manufacturers, farmers, and producers are entitled." What are the worst schedules of the Payne bill—the hosiery, glove, and woolen schedules—intended to do but to carry out the pledge of the Republican platform to preserve American manufacturers against foreign competition? Does anybody expect Mr. Taft to go back on that pledge? And would he not be doing so if he vetoed a bill highly protective all the way through?

It is true that something was said during the campaign about the consumer; and an impression gained currency that tariff revision would lower the prices of the necessities of life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Revision will not operate that way, nor to diminish any prices save those of a few raw materials of manufacture. But that fact will not give Mr. Taft ground for vetoing a Republican tariff bill, for the whole doctrine of protection assumes that the people pay for protection in order to establish and maintain industry in this country, and that domestic competition ultimately reduces prices. This is precisely the argument used for the increased duties on gloves, and we do not see what fault Mr. Taft can find with it unless he is no longer a good protectionist. We are to pay more for our gloves, says Mr. Payne, in order to give employment to 50,000 Americans at American wages. We have yet to hear that Mr. Taft is opposed to that sort of thing. It is the very essence of protection.

Mr. Bonaparte must have guffawed quite merrily when that delegation called at the White House recently to propound the ancient query, "What is whisky?"

Speedway; Band Concerts; Rock Creek Park.

Let the speedway be popularized by all means.

A magnificent work has been done by the government in reclaiming and beautifying ground that only a few years ago was an unsightly, fever-breeding waste. Now a charming driveway and park—picturesque in situation and distinctly attractive in environment—it is altogether proper that the community be brought to a realization of it all.

We are, therefore, heartily in sympathy with the idea of holding Marine Band concerts on the speedway reservation. We are quite enthusiastic about it, indeed.

But at the same time we do venture to hope that this most laudable movement will not mean the end of the White House concerts, so termed, which for time long past have formed such a pleasing part of life at this Capital.

Inaccessible as the speedway is, owing to lack of street railway facilities, concerts there, in the natural course of things, will cease to attract the multitude with the passing of the novelty of the change. Class events will quickly take the place of democratic gatherings. The enjoyment of the concerts will be largely, if not wholly, restricted to the fortunate owners of carriages and automobiles. Now there is not the slightest objection to this, but, on the contrary, much to commend—unless, as we have said, the speedway plan of entertainment means an end to the popular White House concerts which have appealed so strongly all these years to the patriotic and music-loving multitude, residents and visitors.

When we employ the term "White House concerts," we do not indicate necessarily the use of the White House lawns, but mean to say concerts held in proximity to the White House, within reach of the public. Lafayette Park, perhaps, might do as well.

Popularize the speedway by all means. The idea is magnificent. It grows upon us. It is rich with promised pleasures. When this has been accomplished, then let means be devised to emphasize the fact that we have also Rock Creek Park—of surpassing natural beauty and loveliness—one of the grandest reservations in the world, upon which a generous government has expended money freely, but of which the Washington public and visitors rarely catch a glimpse. Bring it to more general attention.

Do not, however, let us lose the White House concerts. They are too fine a factor in the affairs of our outdoor life.

"The President, it is said, wants more work and less talking," according to the Savannah News. An old idea, but a good one—that actions speak louder than words.

Illuminating the Record.

We rejoice to see our esteemed and neighborly contemporary, the Congressional Record, turn a clever trick in the line of journalistic endeavor; and it pleases us to add, moreover, that that is not an infrequent occurrence, jokesmiths and witologists to the contrary notwithstanding.

Wherefore, we rise to sing the Record's praise and propose an enthusiastic round of cheers in honor of the editorial genius who a day or so ago illuminated the pages of that interesting publication with the pictures of two wonderfully fat and evidently well-kept specimens of the genus swine—or, to be precise and brutally exact, plain, common hogs—as part and parcel of the pending tariff debate, and pointedly incidental thereto.

The pictures, in themselves, constituted a tariff speech of compelling interest and painful suggestion. The animals typified, in their altogether opulent and self-satisfied appearance, the sum total of many ultimate benefits of a high protective tariff. There they were, complacently adorning, and even embellishing, the pages of the Record—a sermon and a song on standpatism and its attendant attributes.

If a copy of that issue of the Record might be placed in the hands of every member of the clan common people, they might get a better idea of just who reaps the vast material rewards of our high protective system than they will ever be able to gather from the speeches of some gentlemen who talk much in Congress, and whose eloquence is punctured regularly, not to say religiously, with "great applause," whether it actually happens or not. There is your chief beneficiary, O Thomas, Richard, and Henry! A generously and stupendously fattened gentleman pig.

The Record has scored again. It is entitled to a large measure of praise—and it shall have it. It has outdone the paragraphers, the cartoonists, and the highbrows in editorial sanctums other than its own; it has X-rayed a situation understandably, and made it plain to plain people. There is the tariff story in a nutshell—a porcine thing!

"Love is tender, but it is also tough," muses the Montgomery Advertiser, in contemplation of spring. Which, after all, is a shorter and uglier way of saying, "'Tis sweet to love, but, oh, how bitter to love a girl and then not 'git 'er.'"

Dr. Eliot ought to reconsider, and accept that Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James, if only to show Britishers how to rearrange the seats in the House of Commons. Ambassador Bryce has fixed that for our House of Representatives, and it would be nothing but courteous to return the compliment.

"Puns made on the name of Payne are enough to give the entire nation an ache," says the Detroit Free Press. Yes. But why add to the distress of the situation?

"Kansas is the only truly Democratic State in the Union," says Victor Murdock. As the Republicans hold all the State offices out there, we presume he is correct.

Concerning Servian and Austrian affairs, the Richmond Times-Dispatch says "the powers are conducting pourparlers." We are not exactly sure we know what that means, but it looks more promising than "snadjak of Novibazar."

Sometimes ex-President Castro must bitterly regret that he did not crawl in a hole somewhere along the line and pull the hole in after him.

"Does the tax on perfumes include the scent of the automobile?" inquires a contemporary. Gasoline? It is a Standard Oil product. That is your answer.

That story about Kermit Roosevelt and that fight on shipboard grew rather rapidly Tuesday. In the morning some of the papers had his victim an ordinary seaman, but by evening some of them had him a German baron. Let us hope we shall not be told soon that Kermit has licked the Kaiser.

"I am absolutely a new man," said Mr. Harriman recently. The art of the wizard? Or merely that the colonel has sailed away for a year or so?

"Lying is really due to mental laziness entirely," says a London physician. Which would seem to prove that Ananias was an intelligent sort of person, though something of a loafer—and we guess that is about right.

Montgomery, Ala., has a restaurant keeper who is said to be so very much like Mr. Taft that the twain might easily be mistaken for twins. There is very slight similarity, however, between their respective pie services, we imagine.

"Mr. Bryan also spoke," notes the Albany Journal, concerning a dinner of recent date. It is bad enough to be an "also ran," but to be an "also spoke!" It must be quite painful to the Nebraskan.

"Mr. Roosevelt towered like a giant above the little Italian King," says a cable. "Towered like a giant," eh? It is one of his very greatest and most successful specialties.

Too often has the "noble red man" had his reputation shot up by Crazy Snakes.

The ideal system of paying Congressmen, we would suggest to Mr. Edwards, would be on a sliding scale, based on actual usefulness; only, of course, some Congressmen would owe the government a great deal of money at the end of their terms under that plan.

"Col. Roosevelt ought to feel relieved when he reaches the jungles," says the Boston Journal. Yes, indeed; and so ought a lot of other people—and they doubtless will, moreover.

If King Peter really wants to quit the king business, surely nobody will say him nay.

Mr. James J. Jeffries says he will fight for a $50,000 stake. Had he said "steak," we would have thought he meant a planked porterhouse, at least.

President Diaz wept when informed that he would have to take the Presidency of Mexico again. No telling what he would have done, however, had he been informed that some one else had beat him to it this time.

FRATERNITY OF NATIONS.

Senator Root Believes in Growth of a World Unity.

Elihu Root, in National Magazine.

I know there are many who listen incredulously to the gospel of international fraternization; there are many who think practical considerations alone rule the efforts of men—profit in trade, the almighty dollar, the balance of bookkeeping, or the checks in the counting house. There are many who think that this is all there is in life, and that he is an idle dreamer and insincere orator who talks of the constancy of international friendship; who talks of love of country rising above the love of material things; who talks of sentiment as controling the affairs of men. The attractions and repulsions that move the millions rule the world to-day, we cannot see it in a single lifetime, as we cannot see the movement of the tide. We see the waves, but the tide moves on imperceptibly. The progress, the steady and irresistible progress, of civilization is ever on.

All international law and international justice depend upon national law and national justice. No assemblage of nations can be expected to establish and maintain any higher standard of life in a community than is maintained in the individual character of the elements of the community. In the field of international arbitration we find a less fully developed sense of impersonal justice than we find in our municipal jurisprudence. Because the world has not passed out of that stage wherein men, even arbitrators, act diplomatically instead of judicially, arbitrations are too apt to lead to diplomatic compromises rather than to judicial decisions. The remedy is not to abandon arbitrations, but to press on in every country the quickened conscience, the higher standard, the judicial idea, the sense of responsibility for impartial judgment in international affairs, as distinguished from the opportunity for negotiation in international affairs.

We are apt to be impatient in our judgment and forget how long it takes to educate whole peoples up to different standards of moral law. The principle of arbitration requires the education of all peoples of civilized countries up to the same standard which exists now regarding the sacredness of judicial functions exercised in our courts. We must learn to love justice, to regard more highly an act of justice and of generosity than even an act of courage or an act of heroism.

Since the dawn of civilization there has been but one republic of science, but one republic of letters; let there be but one republic of the politics of peace, one great university of the professors and instructors of justice, of respect for human rights, of consideration for others, and of the peace of the world.

Happy Harriman.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Who so happy as Harriman? He is wise in counsel, radiant with hope, beaming with staisfaction of a full meal present or prospective—whom is he about to swallow up?

The Kicking Foot.

From the Indianapolis News.

It begins to look as if the iron hand in the velvet glove were not going to be in it with the mere foot in the imported stocking when it comes to a good swift kick.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

TABLOID POEM.

Trees,
Leas,
Growing green.
Birds,
Herds,
Dot the scene.

Kine,
Dine,
By the brook,
Fish,
Swish,
Dodge the hook.

Bats,
Gnats,
On the wing.
Buds,
Duds,
This is spring.

An Unusual Theme.

"He's a queer fellow."

"As to how?"

"Always talking about the happy marriages he knows of."

How It Happened.

"Where'd you get the spring overcoat?"

"Well, you see, I had a sure tip on a horse race."

"I never knew one of those tips to pan out."

"Neither did I. So I didn't play it. Put the money into this overcoat instead."

Time of Activity.

The busy times, with spring, begin
For poet men.
'Tis then the ink starts running in
The fountain pen.

Literary Associations.

"Spain is a realm of old romance, a land of story and song."

"What's the matter with Indiana?"

Happens Sometimes.

"We have a jewel of a cook now."

"So?"

"Yes; when she's offended she merely growls and smashes things, where the average cook would leave."

She Usually Has.

"I'm going to pop the question tonight."

"What are you doing now?"

"Thinking out what I'm going to say."

"Why bother? The girl probably has that all arranged."

TAFT AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The President Tells How He Happened to Go.

William H. Taft, in the National Magazine.

I was walking up and down the floor of the consultation room in one of the circuit courts of the United States in Cincinnati one day in February, 1900, trying to dictate an opinion—not one of those that got me into trouble afterward—when a boy came in and handed me a telegram which read thus: "If you haven't any other engagement, you would oblige me very much if you would call on me in Washington next week." signed William McKinley. And he didn't tell me the date. Well, there wasn't any vacancy on the Supreme Court at that time, and I could not imagine what reason there could be for the Presidential summons. But I went, and when I entered the Cabinet room, Mr. McKinley and Secretary Long, of the navy, were there, and I said I had come in answer to his telegram, and that I would like to know the occasion for the call. "Well, judge, I'd like to have you go over to the Philippines," said the President. "We must establish a government out there, and I'd like to have you help me do it."

"Mr. President," I replied, "I am sorry we have got the Philippines. I don't want them. I think you ought to have a man who is in sympathy with taking them over." To which he answered:

"You don't want them any less than I do, but we have them, and I think in dealing with them I can trust a man who does not want them in the beginning better than I can trust a man who does."

It is easy to imagine the feelings engendered in the mind of a man whose only ambition to go to Washington was to find a cushion on a bench, when asked instead to go 10,000 miles away from home. Then Mr. Root came over and between him and Mr. McKinley I had an impression when I left that room that, if there should be another vote in favor of my going to the Philippines—that vote being cast at home by one who is denied suffrage, but who exercises equal power—I would probably go to the Philippines with her—and I did. I went there under the influence of William McKinley's wonderful personality, which impelled people to do what he thought they ought to do in the interests of the nation.

Southern Railroad Activity.

From the Charlotte Observer.

Our railroads seem to be rapidly pulling themselves out of the hole they were some time ago forced into by a combination of panic and adverse legislation. The Seaboard, it is said, has planned to expend in betterments and road improvements this year, a round million of dollars. The Southern is deligently applying itself to the interrupted task of double-tracking its system between Washington and Atlanta. The work is being conducted in sections, all of which will be joined up in the course of about eighteen months. The Danville Bee reports rapid progress on the double-tracking work between that city and Lynchburg, and says that over thirty miles of new work is now being used by the trains. Meanwhile work on the new cut-off around Lynchburg is in progress. This contract alone calls for $500,000, but will be worth it all in the way of improved service at Lynchburg, and in the saving of time.

Merely a Democrat.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is good to find one such Democrat in the national House of Representatives as Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina; one Democrat who can arise and speak on the tariff as a Democrat, without suspending his Democracy long enough to ask for some of the spoils of protection. Such a performance ought not to be in any way remarkable, but it is a depressing illustration of the ease nowadays with which party names are worn to cover the lack of party principles that Mr. Kitchin can distinguish himself among his fellows merely by making a truly Democratic tariff speech.

THE MAN OF IRON.

I sing of the Men of Iron,
Who in the days gone by,
Full fifty years and more ago,
Through winter's numbling, drifting snow,
And then when summer's sun was high,
Bravely built the iron highway,
Over Indian trail and byway,
Over the wilder West,
Over the mountain crest,
Over the river's breast.

Aye, sing of the Men of Iron;
Young men who dreamed the dreams,
Old men who saw the visions grand
Of western empire, mighty, spanned
By engine traveled trail that gleams
From where the lakes and streams abound
On and on to Puget Sound,
Over prairies wide,
Over the Main Divide,
On to the ocean's side.

Yes, sing of these Men of Iron;
Undying be their fame.
For many a graceful, arching bridge,
And many a conquered mountain ridge,
And many a city bears their name,
Empire builders, they of old—
Poets, prophets, princes bold;
Men of Iron—strong.
To you shall e'er belong
A glad, triumphant song.

Harold B. Crozier, in the Bellman.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

His delay in giving a definite answer to the President's offer to him of the English mission is taken as an indication by the friends of President Eliot that he will ultimately accept that office, in which event it is hoped that Lloyd Bryce, who has been mentioned as President Taft's second choice for the Court of St. James, will be given another post, for the former editor of the North American Review would make an ideal representative of this country in Europe. He is, indeed, so eminently fitted for a diplomatic post the wonder is that he was not long ago offered a foreign portfolio.

Mr. Bryce is well known in Washington, where he was educated at Georgetown College, and where he served as a member of the Fiftieth Congress, when he was particularly active in the legislation concerning the copyright laws. He is well known in England, too, for he lived there a number of years, and took the degrees of B. A. and M. A. at Christ Church, Oxford, and, like all Americans who have lived for any length of time in Great Britain, he loves the grand old country from which this country grew. Possessed of an independent fortune, since his retirement from the editorship of the North American Review, in 1896, Mr. Bryce has had the leisure to follow his bent for travel and writing, and his books have a reputation among literary people, although they are not popular in the ordinary sense of the term. "The Romance of an Alter Ego," published some twenty-five years ago, had quite a vogue when it appeared, and another of his books that has been much talked of is "Lady Blanche's Salon."

It seems that T. St. John Gaffney, who has made a creditable record as consul general at Dresden, is to become the Minister to Portugal. His transfer from the consular to the diplomatic service will be for the country's good, as well as in the line of his ambition, for this clever and talented Irishman has the training, experience, and savoir faire that will make him an acceptable diplomatist.

Mr. Gaffney kissed the Blarney Stone before he left the Emerald Isle, which ceremony so increased his natural eloquence that ever since it occurred he has been able to induce people to give him whatever he wants, and he has wanted for some time, more than anything else, a diplomatic billet.

Portugal is not the largest country of Europe, but it is one of the most interesting, and all of the Americans who have been stationed there have been delighted with the court circle in Lisbon.

Mr. Gaffney will succeed Charles Page Bryan, who entered the diplomatic service some twelve years ago, half of which time has been passed in Portugal. With his resignation, it is said Mr. Bryan will quit the diplomatic service, because he failed for promotion and transfer to a more important post, a recognition he felt that his service as Minister to China, Brazil, Switzerland, and at Lisbon clearly entitled him.

Mr. Bryan was born in Chicago, but he comes from an old Southern family, which is pleasantly remembered here, his parents having lived for a number of years in a spacious old-fashioned house on Highland terrace, with Senator Edmunds and the late Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, as neighbors. Mrs. Bryan was a woman of the old school, who surrounded herself with the most interesting people in town, and whose receptions bore no resemblance to the modern crushes of to-day, but were more like the French salons of a century ago. Mr. Bryan carried his family traditions with him to Portugal, and the American legation, which was presided over by Mr. Bryan's sister, has been one of the most popular houses in the foreign circle.

Miss Ethel A. Arnold, niece of Matthew Arnold, sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and a propagandist for woman suffrage, has made a distinct impression upon all those who have met her since she has been in town, whether they sympathize with her views on woman suffrage or not.

To begin with, she is a woman of fine and dignified appearance, with a face so sympathetic and intellectual that one forgets to ask whether she is beautiful or not, and with an air of fine reserve that is seldom associated with the militant suffragettes of the day. It seems strange that in a family camp there should be such a war as exists between Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has organized the Anti-Suffragist League in England, and her sister, Mrs. Arnold, who is heart and soul in favor of suffrage; but the latter explains it, smilingly, by saying: "You know, my sister is thirteen years my senior." Yet there are many other women as old and older than Mrs. Humphry Word who are as heartily in favor of woman suffrage as is Miss Arnold, who, it must be confessed, is better equipped than most women to discuss the subject, because she does not, as do so many of her sisters in Great Britain, look upon woman suffrage as a new movement, but is thoroughly informed as to its history, and of the many unsuccessful attempts that have been made to establish it. But this valiant woman is undeterred by those failures, and has bright hopes for the future.

There is a little Chinaman living with his parents in the West End who is being educated at the public schools in Washington. His parents keep him clothed in the picturesque garb of his native land, and he still wears the cueue that distinguishes all faithful Chinamen. The other day he was playing marbles in true American style outside of his home, when he was accosted by some inquisitive little strangers who passed by.

"Hello, little Johnnie, like 'Melica and like 'Melicans?" they asked.

The little Celestial, who, perhaps, was eight years old, looked up at his questioners gravely, and then replied, in perfect English:

"Yes; I like America and I like little Americans, but my name is not Johnnie, and I don't see what business of yours it is what I like."

Reason for the Price.

Lorin F. Deland, in the Atlantic Monthly.

It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price. The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution of partnership sale—what are these, and many more, but arguments for the price? And note this one point, that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce your fur-lined overcoats from $100 to $60, and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that, owing to an expiration of your lease, and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks, you will reduce the price of your fur-lined overcoats from $100 to $80, and you may sell easily all you have to offer. Instinctively, the public see the whole picture—the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the lessening days, the final sacrifice, and the store full of eager buyers quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction inpreviously considered; but one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.

BIRTH AND DEATH RATES.

Feature of a Census Bulletin Worthy of Consideration.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The census office has issued a bulletin on the decreasing size of families which will precipitate an additional flow of ill-considered remarks on race suicide and the decadence of the present generation. Persons who are distressed over the empty cradle take no notice of the empty grave. Fewer births are accompanied by fewer deaths.

Whether a decreasing birth rate be due to the movement of population toward the cities or not, certain general facts are common to the civilized world. They are not peculiar to the United States. The movement of population in all civilized countries, all industrial nations, is toward the cities. Agricultural industries are dormant during a great part of the year; urban industries go on continuously. A very sparse population may subsist on hunting and fishing. A little denser population is obliged to till the soil. A much denser population must work with machinery to produce a subsistence.

In all civilized countries the birth rate is decreasing. This is true of England as well as of France, and it is true, though in a less degree, of Germany, and it is true of very sparsely settled Australia as well as of the United States, in large portions of which the conditions of living are approximating to those of Europe. But in all these countries the death rate is decreasing. The slaughter of the innocents is checked. Not so many babies are born, but more that are born have a chance to reach adult years. In a general way it is true of the European countries that those which have the lowest birth rate have the lowest death rate, and, conversely, where the most babies are born, there the most babies die.

SOUTH'S FIGHTING PARSON.

Interesting Career of Dr. John William Jones.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

They are all passing, the men who fought and the men who prayed for Southern independence. In a little while there will be none of them left. Three days ago John William Jones passed away. When the war between the States began he entered the Confederate service as a private soldier, and for four years fought a good fight, enduring all the hardships of the men in the field, and believing to the day of his death that the cause of the South was right.

Dr. Jones was chaplain of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, and missionary chaplain to Gen. A. P. Hill's corps. He was born at Louisa Court House, Va., September 25, 1836, the son of Francis William Jones, a merchant, and his wife, Ann Pendleton Ashby, who belonged to the distinguished Ashby family, and was allied by blood to the Pendletons and Strothers and other of the first people of Virginia. He was married December 20, 1860, to Judith Page Helm, a descendant of the Brookes, the Carters, and the Pages, and of Carter Braxton, one of the Virginia signers, and was so closely connected with the men of the American Revolution that his sons, of whom four are ministers of the gospel, can join the Sons of the Revolution on eight distinct lines of ancestry.

Dr. Jones was educated at the University of Virginia, and after completing his course there entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, where he was taught by John A. Broadus and Basil Manly, two of the greatest lights of the Baptist denomination in America. After the war Dr. Jones resumed his ministerial work and filled many important pastorates. While he was pastor at Lexington he came into daily contact with Gen. Robert E. Lee, and of that great military genius no one has written with more intelligent and sincere appreciation than the old Christian soldier who has just now laid down his arms.

In 1890 Dr. Jones was made chaplain general of the United Confederate Veterans, and at all the great reunions of that diminishing body of the immortals his inspiring presence was felt, and to him, probably more than to any other man, is history indebted for the preservation of many of the most valuable intimacies of the Southern cause. It was Dr. J. L. M. Curry who prophesied that "history as written if accepted in future years will consign the South to infamy." It was Dr. Jones, "the fighting parson," as he was called, who sought by voice and pen to preserve the truth about the most righteous cause for which men ever fought, and about the bravest men who ever fought for any cause.

Among the men of the South who should be held in everlasting remembrance is this genial, sincere, and glorious old soldier, who died, as he had always lived, with "a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men."

VALUE OF WHITE SPACE.

A Trade Paper's Comments of Interest to Advertisers.

From Newspaperdom.

It is the hardest thing in all the world for a man to buy newspaper space and leave it white. A man needs to have progressed a long way in the art of selling on paper to pay for space and leave unsaid some of the many things which to him seem essential. The very way in which he buys space, by the agate line, leads him to believe that it must all be utilized for selling talk. And yet, if he would stop to tanalyze what advertising is, that it is simply a part of the selling plan, he would realize, perhaps, the value of white space.

The first thing a salesman has to do is to attract attention. The first object of an ad is to attract attention. Now, it is very evident that, given a sheet of paper which is perfectly white, you will attract attention by printing upon it characters which are perfectly black. The whiter the paper and the blacker the type, the more likely it is to attract attention. This is noticeable in posters and handbills, but the advertiser quite forgets that with posters and handbills he has an immense amount of white space. In a newspaper, where everything is paid for, the element of white space is lacking, and so you have a dreary waste of type, each advertiser vying with the other in getting his type as black and as thick as possible.

Not one of these advertisers but would use abundant white space if it were free. They would then realize its absolute necessity. In a newspaper where every agate line spells dollars and where the only way he can get white space is to go down into his jeans for the price, it's a different story. But white space is just as important in a newspaper ad as it is in a poster or a handbill. And it must be had, even if it must be paid for.

A few men have made monumental successes of their advertising by a liberal use of white space, and to-day every man who is using white space in reasonable quantities in newspapers is getting larger returns for his money than any half-dozen who are depending upon the largeness and the blackness of their type displays.

She Could Find Time.

From Puck.

Woman's place, of course, is in the home; that we have heard quite frequently. But it ought to be possible for her to take, say, twenty minutes off from the home each year to devote to politics, that being about as much time as the average man devotes to it.

Deals with Lofty Matters.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

With so much millinery in it, is there any wonder the tariff comes high?

AT THE HOTELS.

"I am one of those who believe that the United States and Canada should be brought into closer relationship in their affairs," said Col. William C. Reignier, of Boston, Mass., at the Arlington last night.

"With natural interests in command, and each liable to reap advantage or suffer loss through the same agencies, both are handicapped in exercising that co-operation so manifestly desirable by the difficulty of establishing practical working relations. But apart from our trade relations, there is a yet more serious side to this anomalous condition. The dangers that threaten the United States from without are equally as threatening to our Northern neighbors.

"We are told that the 'yellow peril' is a myth, a figment of the imagination, and I sincerely hope that the lapse of time may prove the contention.

"I do not question for a moment that, should the 'peril' threaten, the first act of the United States, of Canada and Great Britain, and of Mexico would be to effect a coalition for their mutual protection and the defense of their territory and possessions.

"If the Orient makes war upon the white races of the world, the white races will only have themselves to blame. We have devoted much effort during the past twenty years to the self-appointd task of outfitting our Asiatic neighbors with the means of fighting us. We have encouraged them to master the arts of engineering and mechanics, to plan, to build, to organize. We have sent military experts to drill them and to instruct them in the science of war. We have supplied them with guns and ammunition, torpedo boats and battle ships constructed in our own factories and shipyards. In short, we have made it possible for them to possess every means for effective and intelligent warfare that we ourselves possess."

Discussing the great qualities of vanadium, G. H. Sullivan, of Pittsburg, who is at the Raleigh, said last night that following experiments which have been made in France by Prof. Helois with great success, Pittsburg will now become the scene of continued trials of vanadium for the cure of tuberculosis and cancer.

"J. J. Finerty, of Pittsburg," said Mr. Sullivan, "one of the owners of the largest deposits of vanadium in America, is on his way back from France, enthusiastic over the results there, and confident it will soon come into general use as a remedy for these hitherto incurable diseases.

"Vanadium is used at present in the manufacture of certain kinds of steel, having resiliency to it. The value of vanadium is in the fact that it is what steel men call a 'scavenger.' It clears out all the impurities that may be in the steel and gives the other elements, chromium and nickel, a chance to do the work for which they are intended without the interference of gases and other deleterious elements. The use of vanadium prevents all possibility of the blow holes that caused so much trouble and talk in navy circles a few years ago.

"Vanadium is found in many parts of the United States, particularly in the Rocky Mountain region. It is only in small quantities, however, and is in refractory ores, which require chemical treatment, making the cost prohibitive. It is said that the cheapest cost at which the Colorado vanadium can be produced is $6 per pound, and even at that cost the output could be only a very few pounds a year. In the Peruvian deposit the supply seems to be practically unlimited, and the cost of reduction is comparatively small, making the flux available for every sort of commercial steel, from structural beams for skyscrapers to needles."

Albert G. Stinson, of Kansas City, who is at the Raleigh, said last night that he read in the papers that former Gov. Hoch, of Kansas, had at last realized the ambition of his life.

"Hoch has acquired a corduroy suit," said Mr. Stinson, "and he is as happy as a boy with his first pair of red-top boots. When a little boy, back in Kentucky, the man afterward to be governor of Kansas, was hard up—that it, his folks were. He had the necessaries of life, but in that day and age a corduroy suit was not a necessity, and that was the one thing that young Hoch wanted. He had homespuns in plenty.

"When he went to college he lived so 'close to the edge' that only the clothing that would give the best all-around service was purchased, and no corduroy suit ever entered into the making of his wardrobe at that period. Then he went to Kansas. He was rather a weak-lunged youngster, and his husky companions had lots of fun about the superfluous clothing he wore. To top it off, he wore kid gloves and carried a cane. This was a good many years ago, and the governor has long been ashamed of it. In this sort of regalia he walked across the country, from Russell to near Grand Bend, trying to locate a good claim.

"When he wore out his college clothes he took to the rough clothing worn by every other pioneer in Kansas, and did not see corduroys for a good many years. The country stores did not keep them. Then he became an editor at Marion, and went into politics more or less, and, of course, an editor and politician had no use for a corduroy suit, so, even up to the time he was elected governor, he had never realized his one ambition. A corduroy suit would have been manifestly improper in the governor's mansion or in the governor's office. But the governor was patient, and when he went home to Marion, and his own back yard, the first thing he did was to order a full suit of corduroy, and he has been wearing it constantly ever since, except when he went to the Methodist church on Sunday; to prayer meeting on Thursday night, or out on one of his extensive lecture tours."

"James R. Keene told this story illustrative of high finance at the Waldorf," said Edward S. Childs, of New York, at the Arlington last night:

"A Kentucky darky negotiated a loan of $10 from a local banker, pledging his mule and cart as security.

"'Money is pretty tight,' explained the banker, 'and I shall have to charge you $2.50 now for the use of the $10 for a month.'

"The darky consented, signed the papers, and half an hour later was found by a friend standing in the road scratching his wool with one hand and looking ruefully at the $7.50 held in his other.

"'W'at de matter Sam?' asked his friend.

"'Oh, dere ain't nodin' de matter, 'cept I knows I'se right. Dat bank man he done charge me $2.50 for $10 a month. I'se right, suh. Fo' if I had'a ast fo' de ten fo' foah months, I wouldn't a got nothin'.'"

Nothing for the Consumer.

From the New York Telegram.

With modern machinery a pair of shoes can be made in four minutes at a cost of 35 cents for labor. With modern machinery, a live hog starts at one end of a packing-house and comes out at the other hams, shoulders, sausage, clothes brushes, and bone collar buttons—everything utilized but the squeal—and still, with all these improvements, prices go up and up.

Something's Going to Happen.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

It is predicted that a compound comminuted fracture to the Payne tariff bill will result from Senator Tillman's early return to Washington.